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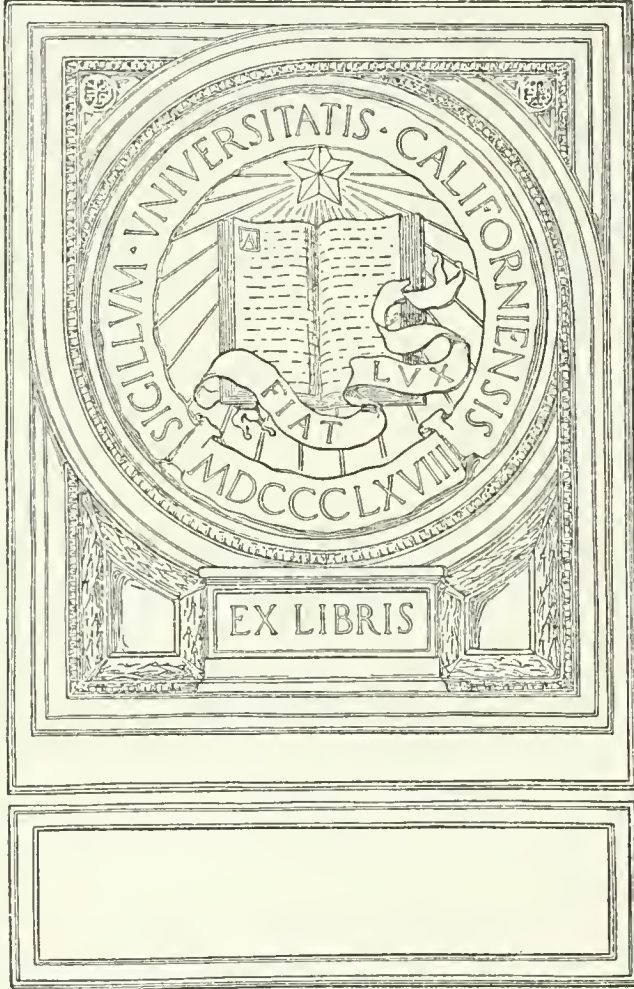


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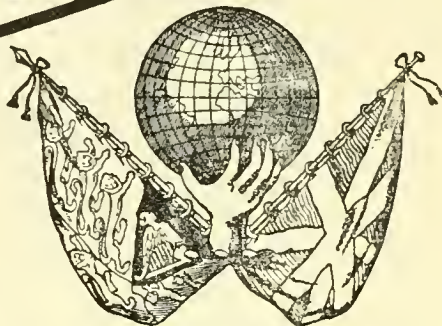
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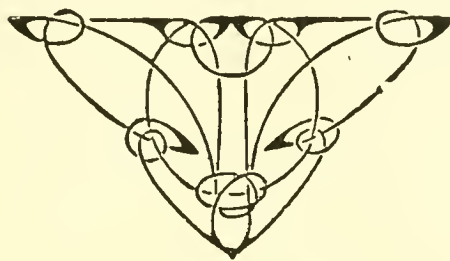


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THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH



By G. F. MAINE

(Fellow of the Royal Anthropological Institute)

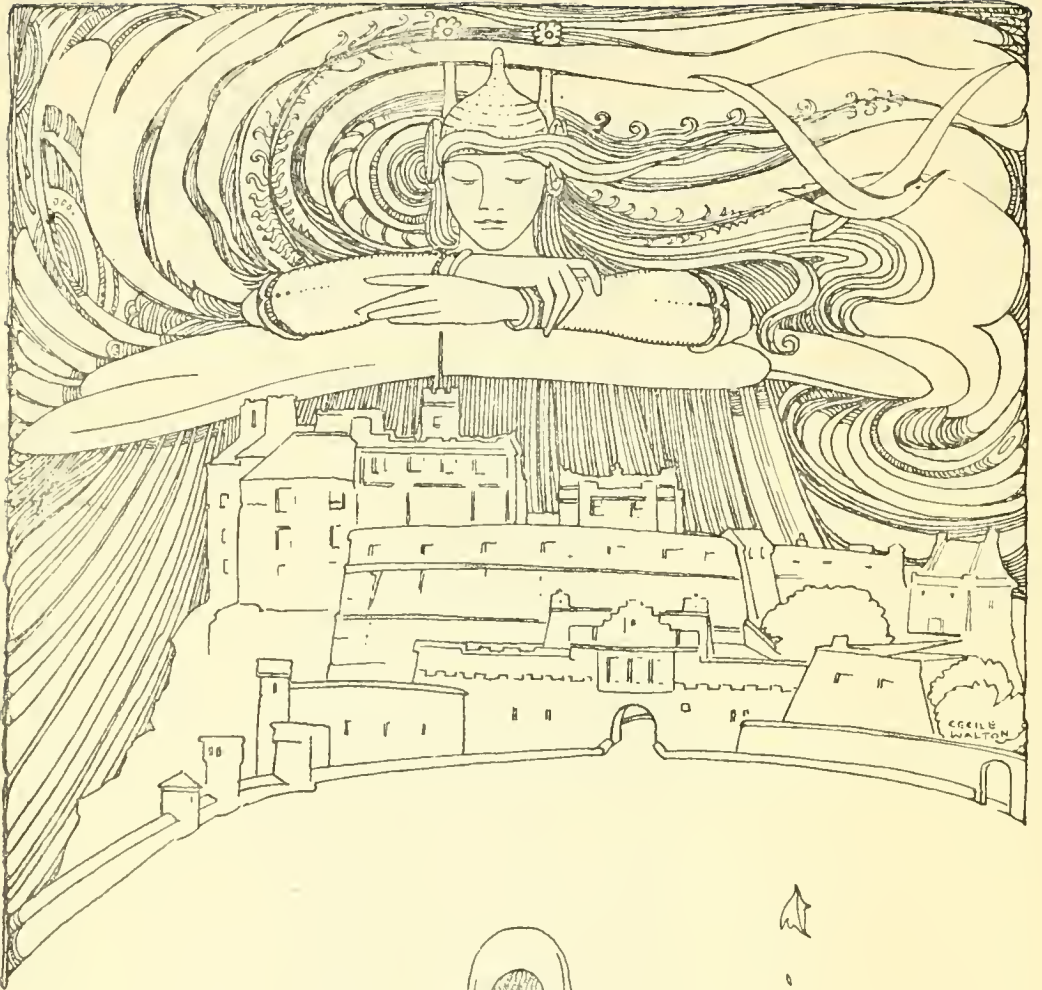
Cover Design and Illustrations by Cecile Walton

*“ There, watching high the least alarms
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold vet’ran, grey in arms,
And marked with many a seamy scar;
The pond’rous wall and massy bar,
Grim rising o’er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repelled th’ invader’s shock.”*

—BURNS.

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Part of the whole I prefer

The Castle of Edinburgh

Salute!



IGH upon her wind-swept rock, majestic and beautiful in the rose pink of the dawn and the soft colours of the twilight; sparkling like a jewel in the beauty of the sun; grim and sinister in the grey light so characteristic of our northern clime; poignant with the mystery and tragedy of the ages, the Castle of Edinburgh broods over the city. Sorrow and pain have left their scars upon her features; anxiety and care have mellowed her beauty, age has greyed her locks; but her proud imperious eye is as bright as when the invader spilt his blood upon her battlements, and her bearing is that of the Warrior Queen, valiant in battle, patient in reverse, temperate in victory, ever in sympathy with the sufferings of her children, who has come at last to the peace of a new world. What of war has not been her portion through the long ages of strife and turmoil? What tales could she tell of mighty prowess, of glorious defence, of wonderful escape and, alas, of despicable treachery. What famous heads has she sheltered only to fall to the axe of the executioner or the dagger of the assassin. Her halls have echoed to the music of revelry, to laughter and song; but they have resounded also to shouts of murder and cries of treason. Her courtyards and battlements have run red with the blood of Scottish sons who gave their lives for the grey mother. The groans of prisoners and the agonies of the dying have steeled her to bear her cross. Sorrow has been her portion, and only through long ages of trial and tribulation has she come at last to a fuller knowledge of the message of the motto of the capital of Scotland, *Nisi Dominus Frustra*—Without God, all is in vain.

Origin.



IN his *Summarie of Englyshe Chronicles* Stow tells us that "Ebraunke, the sonne of Mempricius, was made ruler of Britayne; he had, as testifieth Policronica, Ganfride, and others, twenty-one wyves, of whom he receyved twenty sonnes and thirty daughters, whiche he sente into Italye, there to be maryed to the blood of the Trojans. In Albanye (now called Scotlande) he edified the castell of Alelude, which is Dumbrityn; he made the castell of Maydens, now called Edenbrough; he made also the castell of Banburgh in the 23d yere of his reign. He buylded Yorke citie, wherein he made a temple to Diana and set there an Arch-flame; and there was buried, when he had reigned 49 years."

This remarkable statement enables us to place the origin of the Castle as far back as the year 989 *before* Christ, but like much else that has been written of the remote history of Scotland, it savours more of fable than of fact.

We know that of the twenty-one tribes of ancient Caledonians who occupied Northern Britain in the first century of the Christian Era, the two intimately connected with this neighbourhood were the Ottadeni and the Gadeni, the former occupying the coast from the Tyne to the Forth, the latter the interior country parallel and contiguous to that. They were a fierce and warlike people, well armed, and brave in battle, and it is not improbable that the Castle rock may have been a fort or hill camp of the Ottadeni.

About the year 80 the Roman legions, under Agricola, took possession of the area, but although their military causeway from Britanno-darum to Alterva (*i.e.*, Dunbar to Cramond) passed close to it, we have no reliable evidence that the Castle rock was used as a Roman station. With such unmistakable proofs of the presence of the invaders in its neighbourhood, however, it is extremely unlikely that their military engineers neglected to avail themselves of the advantages of so strong and natural a fortress, and some authorities identify the site as the *Castrum Alatum* of Ptolemy, "a winged camp, or a height, flanked on each side by successive heights, girded with intermediate valleys."



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The Scots and Picts were fiercely hostile to the Romans, and for the greater security of his troops, the Roman general formed a barrier consisting of a chain of fortresses on the isthmus between the estuaries of the Forth and Clyde. The country south of the barrier appears, however, to have been recovered by the Picts, as the emperor Adrian caused the barrier to be withdrawn to the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, where he erected an earthen rampart across the island as a boundary to the Roman territory in Britain; but on the country betwixt the barriers being regained by Lollius Urbicus, the Roman lieutenant, he replaced the barrier between the Forth and Clyde by a wall, through which we are told the Scots and Picts soon forced a passage, committing great ravages in the Roman country. This caused the emperor Valentinian I. to send the great general Theodosius with an army to repress the invaders, which he effectually did, expelling them the country between the walls, which thus became once more a Roman province, called, in honour of the emperor, Valentia. The Picts appear to have built a fortress on the rock which, according to Camden, they called *Castel Mynedh Agnedh*—the maidens' or virgins' castle, since it was used by the kings and nobles as a place of safety for their daughters. On the departure of the Romans about the year 446, Vortigern, king of the Britons, invited the help of the Saxons under Octa and Ebusa, against his fierce enemies the Scots and the Picts, and the invaders captured the Castle from the latter in 452. From that time until the reign of Malcolm II., struggles for the fortress appear to have been continuous, each in turn being victorious.

In the *Mynyian, or Cambrian Archæology*, mention is made of *Caer-Eiddyn*, or the fort of Edin, wherein dwelt a famous chief, Mynydoc, leader of the Celtic Britons in the fatal battle with the Saxons under Ida, the flame-bearer, at *Catraeth*, in Lothian, where the flower of the *Ottadeni* fell, in 510. Edwin, son of Ælla, king of Deiri, having succeeded Ethelfrid, in the Saxon kingdom of Northumberland about the year 617, and extended his conquests beyond the Forth, is said to have repaired or rebuilt the Castle in 626 and given the name of *Edwinesburg* to the settlement existing on

the ridge, and while we cannot be certain, this would appear to be the key to the origin of the present name. A charter of Malcolm IV.'s referring to Edinburgh Castle mentions indifferently, "*Castrum Puellarum*" or "*Oppidum Puellarum*." "*Castrum Puellarum*," says Chalmers, "was the learned and diplomatic name of the place, as appears from existing charters and documents, *Edinburgh* its vulgar appellation." This is borne out in the writings of Matthew Paris, who visited Edinburgh in 1250, to wit—" *ad Castrum Puellarum quod vulgariter dicitur Edenbure*." Buchanan asserts that its ancient name of Maiden Castle was borrowed from the old French romances. Its Gaelic name *Dun Edin* possibly signifies "the fort of the hill-face" (as in Edinbane, Skye).

According to Father Hay's apocryphal account, certain nuns attached to the royal chapel, and from whom the Castle derived the name of "*Castrum Puellarum*," "were thrust out by St. David, and in their place the canons introduced, by the Pope's dispense, as fitter to live among souldiers. They continued in the Castle duering Malcolm the Fourth his reign." Simeon, of Durham, who wrote about the middle of the eight century, mentions the town of "*Edwinesburch*" as then existing. On the overthrow of Egfrid, the Saxon king of Northumberland, in 685, the Castle became once more the stronghold of the Scots and Picts. No authentic historical record exists of the happenings of the next four hundred years, but with the reign of Malcolm III. and his beautiful and pious queen Margaret, the student of history may continue to follow the long, chequered story of the fortress, rich in incident, brimful of interest, glowing with romance.

The rock on which the Castle stands is said by modern geologists to be the plug of the old Edinburgh volcano—the mass of lava which cooled and solidified within the crater when there was no longer eruptive force sufficient to eject it. This plug being of exceptionally adamant material was able to resist the grinding action of the great ice-sheet which, during the Ice Age, removed the softer surrounding material. Thus are explained the hollows scoured out to the west, north and south, while the ridge on which the High Street is built is accounted for by the protecting rock.

The Esplanade.



THE Esplanade, the military zone of a bow-shot distance, reaches from the Castle Hill to the Castle gates. Originally lower than the present elevation, and having a ridgy surface defended all round by military outworks, it has witnessed many stirring scenes of war and peace in the march of the centuries. Innocent as it now appears, it is a whited sepulchre in which lie hid the bones of many a scion of noble blood, fallen, sword in hand, in defence of the ancient Spur, or executed, with scant justice, for alleged treason or heresy.

Here it was, in the reign of James V., that the Master of Forbes was executed for treason. Accused by George, Earl of Huntly, a bitter enemy of the house of Forbes, of a design to assassinate the king by shooting him with a hand-gun in Aberdeen, and further, of inciting the Scottish troops to mutiny at Jedburgh, when on the march to England, he protested his innocence, and offered to defend it in single combat against the earl. On 11th July 1538 he was brought to trial before Argyle, the Lord Justice-General, the Commissioners of Justiciary, and fifteen other men of high rank, some of whom were his hereditary enemies, and though the witnesses were hardly unimpeachable, and the judges probably bribed by Huntly, the charge was considered proven, and he was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, beheaded, and dismembered as a traitor, and his quarters placed above the city gates.

The Castle Hill was the scene, too, of many horrible tortures and executions of persons found guilty, in the ignorant intolerance of the times, of sorcery and witchcraft, and the number of people of all ranks who suffered as witches or consulters of witches is truly appalling. Accused of such varied offences as removing or laying diseases on men and cattle, destroying crops, sinking ships, and holding meetings with the devil, they all too frequently were "bound to the stake and burnt in assis, quick (alive) to the death."

One such revolting example is that of Lady Jane Douglas, the young and beautiful widow of John, Lord Glammis, who,

with her second husband, Archibald Campbell of Skipness; her son, the young Lord Glamis; and John Lyon, an aged priest, was committed to the Castle on the absurd charge, brought about by the machinations of one William Lyon, a rejected suitor, of seeking to compass the king's death by poison and sorcery. She was the most renowned beauty of her time, praised for her many admirable qualities. "Heaven designed that her mind should want none of those perfections a mortal creature can be capable of; her modesty was admirable; her courage above what could be expected from her sex; her judgment solid, and her carriage winning and affable to her inferiors." Mercy having been implored in vain, she was first subjected to dreadful torture on the rack, and, on a confession wrung from her in the extremity of her agony, sentenced to perish at the stake. Her son, her husband, and the old friar were placed in St. David's Tower, where the first remained a prisoner till 1542. On the 17th of July, just three days after the execution of the Master of Forbes, "barrels tarred and faggots oiled were piled around her, and she was burned to ashes within view of her son and husband, who beheld the terrible scene from the tower that overlooked it." On the following night Campbell, in a frenzy of grief and despair, fell from the rock in attempting to escape, and was dashed to pieces.

Again and again was the Castle Hill the scene of those revolting executions for sorcery, and as late as 9th March 1659, "there were," says Nicoll, "fyve Wemen, witches, brint on the Castell Hill, all of them confessand their covenanting with Satan, sum of thame renunceand thair baptisme, and all of them oft tymes dancing with the devell."

An extraordinary and degrading practice was that of detecting witches by the so-called test of pricking to discover the devil's mark on the bodies of the hapless victims. This mark was apparently invisible, but was a spot alleged to be insensible to pain, and the persons who acted as "prickers" were allowed to torture those suspected of witchcraft at their pleasure, as if rendering a valuable public service. At length, however, reason prevailed over barbarism, and the brutal practice drew down the reprobation of the Privy Council, when the prickers were punished as common cheats.

Gateway and Argyle Tower.



THE immediate front of the Castle has been much altered and greatly improved by the removal of the mean doorway and guardhouse which formerly greeted the visitor to the Castle. The present fine mediæval entrance, to the design of Mr Hippolyte J. Blanc, forms at once an appropriate gateway and a commodious guardhouse. The flanking batteries have been retained, and the whole presents an aspect of impressive grandeur. One enters the Castle by the gangway, formerly a drawbridge, which crosses the moat and leads through the outer portal past the great wall of the Half-Moon Battery (cut at a point below the third gun from the right, to show the old gun-port in St. David's Tower, which commanded the approach from the High Street, and recently brought to light as a result of the rediscovery of the Tower), past the eastern curtain wall which includes an ancient peel with corbelled rampart, through the inner barrier with its evidences of two great doors, to the Portcullis Gates, beside which, on the left wall, is a blazoned tablet to the brave Kirkaldy of Grange, who gallantly defended the fortress in the cause of Mary Stuart. It bears the arms of Kirkaldy with the motto *Fortissimo Veritas*, and reads: "In memory of Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, 'justly reputed to be one of the best soldiers and most accomplished cavaliers of his time.' He held this Castle for Queen Mary from May 1568 to May 1573, and after its honourable surrender suffered death for devotion to her cause on 3rd August 1573." Regent Morton solicited the assistance of Queen Elizabeth, who, resolved to subdue Mary's supporters, sent two skilful engineers to examine the defences of the Castle, and acting on a report that with a sufficient battering-train the fortress could be taken in twenty days, she entrusted the enterprise to Sir William Drury, the marshal of Berwick. His force, consisting of five hundred hagbutters and a hundred and forty pikemen, disembarked at Leith, and being joined by the Regent's troops, seven hundred strong, they marched to Edinburgh to commence the

siege. Kirkaldy refused to surrender, and the guns of the besiegers opened fire on 17th May 1573. After a most heroic defence, and only when the fortress had been reduced to a mass of ruins, its water supply choked by debris, its food supply exhausted, and with almost all its gallant defenders *hors de combat*, did Kirkaldy accept the inevitable, after a siege of thirty-one days. Thus fell the last stronghold of Mary's cause. Notwithstanding the solemn promise made by Drury, in the name of Elizabeth, that Kirkaldy should be restored to his estates, and the soldiers allowed to march out with "bag and baggage," Elizabeth basely gave them up to the Regent Morton. Kirkaldy and his brother were hanged upon a gibbet at the Market Cross, and their heads placed on the city walls, and the soldiers were disarmed and sent prisoners to Blackness and Merchiston Castles.

Overhead is a building which once terminated in a crenelated square tower, but was afterwards converted into a state prison. Above the arch are two sculptured hounds, from the arms of the Duke of Gordon, governor in 1688, and between these is the panel from which Cromwell cast down the royal arms in 1650. Above is a pediment and little cornice between the triglyphs of which may be traced alternately, the star and crowned heart of the Regent Morton.

On passing the barrier, one sees on the right the Argyle Battery consisting of ten 18-pounders, and below it Robert Mylne's Battery built in 1689. On the left, high on the wall, may be seen a tablet which commemorates Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, a distinguished soldier and diplomatist, who recovered the Castle in 1313, after it had been for twenty years in the hands of the English. The steep stairway leads up to the citadel, the approaches to which are defended by loopholes for cannon and musketry. It leads also to the Argyle Tower and State Prison, in the guardroom of which are some relics of the demolished church of the Castle, and below is the gloomy cell where dwell the ghosts of many noble prisoners who here planned escape, or waited death on charges of treason. Here the Marquis and the Earl of Argyll were confined previous to their execution. The latter succeeded in escaping only to be dragged back to await his doom.

King David's Tower.



THE Half-Moon Battery, erected in 1574, is perhaps the most picturesque feature of the Castle as we know it to-day. Its great, semi-circular wall of masonry lives in the memory, the embodiment of massive strength, and, to all outward appearance, its foundations rest upon the solid rock. Recent excavations, however, have revealed the existence of a whole mediæval castle—a castle older far than any of the fortifications which now crown the summit of the rock—buried beneath the Half-Moon Battery, and with the final clearing away of an immense quantity of rubbish the rugged walls of King David's Tower echoed once more to the sound of human voices, after a silence of more than three hundred years. The tower thus rediscovered was built by David II., son of Robert the Bruce, about the year 1367. It is clearly shown in many old prints and drawings as occupying the site of the Half-Moon Battery, and it was hitherto thought that it had been quite destroyed. Evidently the builders of the latter endeavoured to fill up the partly ruined tower with earth, fragments of its own broken battlements, and whatever came to hand. They then encircled the old walls with a new one, seven feet thick, levelled up the top, paved it over, and disposed around it the guns from which so many salutes have since boomed out. Thus it is that St. David's Tower exists to-day practically intact, save for a few feet of its topmost wall, which, by the middle of the sixteenth century, had suffered severely from the effects of successive bombardments. There is historical evidence that David II. died in the Castle on 22nd February 1370, and since the Castle as we know it was non-existent at that period, it is not unlikely that he died in one of the apartments of the Tower which bears his name.

Like many old Scottish castles the original structure of King David's Tower was L-shaped; that is to say, it consisted of two lines of buildings, one somewhat longer than the other, arranged at right angles in the form of the letter L. There was thus originally no enclosed quadrangle so

frequently met with in the Norman strongholds of the south. Subsequently, however, additions were made to the tower, the later buildings being built to form an inverse L, thus uniting the whole as a parallelogram proper with enclosed quadrangle.

The tower is well and substantially built, and in its palmy days was not without some pretensions to dignity and massive grandeur. Rude and unfitted as it may seem for the abode of royalty, we must remember that it was built at a time when comfort and elegance had, perforce, to give place to strength and safety as considerations of the first importance.

It is the hall and armoury of the later building that one enters first on visiting the tower. It contains a large fireplace cavity, and numerous cupboard-like recesses in the thickness of the wall. One such, particularly large and possessed of a trough or sink, may have been a small pantry for the use of the castle cook. A breach in the wall discloses a chimney of huge dimensions, which would appear to be another example of the chimney closet or secret chamber met with in many ancient castles. Leaving this room, the doorway of the original tower is reached by a wooden plank which spans a wide and deep chasm, evidence of the precautions against the entrance of unwelcome visitors in the stormy days of the fourteenth century. The arched doorway surmounting this trap for the unwary is a fine specimen of masonry, in contrast to the rough nature of the walls.

Only the shell of the early building remains. It consists of several good-sized rooms, and the descent to the bottom of the tower is accomplished by a wooden stairway, as no traces of the stone stairs remain. The bottom, at a depth of some fifty feet, is rocky and uneven, and was most probably the site of the dungeons of the fortress—gloomy and impregnable vaults, devoid of light, and evil smelling. The wall at one end is actually part of the first city wall.

Even in the upper parts of the building little daylight penetrates, and although now lit artificially it must, unfortunately, remain closed to the public. Visitors should, however, make a point of seeing the old Castle Well, close to the Half-Moon Battery.

Palace.



THE tower-crowned building on the east side of the quadrangle is the royal Palace, on the site of which dwelt kings and queens in that dim period in the dawn of our history best referred to, perhaps, as "once upon a time." In sooth it is a far cry to the days of Grime the Usurper, who in 996, says Buchanan, waged a series of bloodthirsty sea-fights with the Danes who attempted to invade the country, and whose queen took up her residence at the Castle, and to Malcolm "Greathead" who wedded Queen Margaret in 1069.

Near the top of the main building is a sculptured stone shield with the Lion Rampant surmounted by a crown, which suffered defacement with other arms as a result of Cromwell's order when in occupation, that the royal arms were to be destroyed. The arched doorway on the right, over which is carved the monogram of Mary and Darnley and the date 1566, gives access to the Royal Apartments, long since shorn of their regal splendour. The ante-chamber is hung with portraits and old engravings, which include Mary Stuart when Dauphiness of France, by Sir John Watson after the original by Farino in Dunrobin Castle, and a copy of a painting of James VI. by Jacobus Hansen. In this same building Queen Mary's mother, the Catholic Mary of Guise, died in 1560, and having been refused funeral rites by the Protestant clergy, the body lay in the Castle encased in lead for about four months, when it was conveyed to Rheims to be received by her sister, who was prioress of a convent.

Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley frequently resided in the Castle, and the records of the Scottish Jewel House bear witness to the former elegance of their apartments. Here, too, Mary kept her little library of 153 volumes, and we can readily believe that the contents of its shelves, however heterogeneous, clearly evinced how superior were the mind and attainments of the Queen to those of the preachers and nobles who surrounded her. Mary was advised by the Lords of Council to avail herself of the security of the ancient fortress for the safe delivery of the expected heir to the Crown, and a former admirer

of Mary's, the young Earl of Annan, whose love had turned his brain, was sent from his prison in St. David's Tower to Hamilton. The bedchamber in which the event took place is the small inner room, the upper part of the panelling of which is as old as the time of James V. Here at 10 a.m. on the 19th of June 1566, the thundering of the Castle guns announced the tidings that James VI. was born, and the most extravagant joy pervaded the entire city. The event was indeed of far-reaching importance, for the infant prince was destined to be the supplanter of Mary and the successor of Queen Elizabeth—the king in whom the crowns of Scotland and England were at length united. A public thanksgiving was offered up in St. Giles Church, and Sir James Melvil posted with the news to the English court with such speed that he reached London on the fourth day thereafter. Queen Elizabeth is said to have received the tidings with a characteristic cry of poignant jealousy: "The Queen of Scots has a fair son, and I am but a barren stock!"

Lord Herries, in his *Memoirs*, records an interesting conversation between Mary and Darnley, who had come at two in the afternoon to see his queen and the infant prince. "My Lord," said Mary, "God has given us a son." ...Partially uncovering the face of the infant, she added a protest that it was his and no other man's son. Then turning to an English gentleman present, she said, "This is the son who, I hope, shall first unite the two kingdoms of Scotland and England." Sir William Stanley replied, "Why, Madam, shall he succeed before your majesty and his father?" "Alas!" answered Mary, "his father has broken to me"—alluding to the conspiracy against Rizzio. "Sweet Madam," said Darnley, "is this the promise you made—that you would forget and forgive all?" "I have forgiven all," replied the queen, "but will never forget. What if Fauldonside's (one of the assassins) pistol had shot? What would have become of both the babe and me?" "Madame," replied Darnley, "these things are past." "Then," said the queen, "let them go." So ended this remarkable conversation.

On the panels of the ceiling are the letters I.R. and M.R. surmounted by a crown, and on the wall opposite



DARNLEY: "Madam, these things are past."

MARY: "Then, let them go."

Tales of a
Grandfather

AN OLD-TIME
EPISODE OF . .
"AULD REEKIE"



*TOGETHER WITH NOTES ON
AN OLD EDINBURGH HOUSE*

Tales of a Grandfather

An Old-Time Episode of "Auld Reekie"

PERIOD—1837

SCENE—A parlour in a house in Lady Stair's Close
in High Street

CHARACTERS—An old man of 95
An old woman of 70
A young grand-daughter of 16

Old Woman—Jeannie, lassie, look in the caddy an' see if there's a pickle tea.

Grand-daughter—It's empty, grannie.

Old Man—It's like ye, auld wumman, an' me sair wantin' a dish o' tea tae warm ma auld banes!

Old Woman—Haud yer whisht, guidman; a wumman o' my age canna' mind a' thing. Jeannie, rin awa' an' see that douce man, Maister Ballantine, in the New Toon, an' buy a pund o' tea. Here's some siller, an' haup yersel' up weel tae keep oot the cauld.

Grand-daughter—A'll no' be lang, grannie.

Old Man—Pit the kettle on wumman, an' dinna keep me waitin'!

Old Woman—Gi'e me time, ye auld blether; I maun gang doon an draw water. You an' yer auld bottle hae finished the jug.

(Goes for the water, comes back, fills the kettle and puts it in the fire).

Old Man—That wean's an' awfu' time. O that ma auld limbs were soupple again!

Old Woman—Bide yer time. . . . I hear her fit on the stair.

Grand-daughter—Here ye are, grannie; I had tae tak' ma turn. There was a lot o' folk in the shop; but Maister Ballantine was maist ceevil.

(Kettle boils. Old woman warms teapot with a little water, carefully measures out two teaspoonfuls, and puts remainder of tea into caddy).

Grand-daughter—Noo, gran'faither, ye'll hae a cup in three meenits.

Old Woman—Hoots, lassie, ye dinna ken hoo tae mask tea. Maister Ballantine keeps *guid* tea. It needs seven meenits. Noo, remember that when ye come to be a wumman, an' mind—auld-fashioned notions are aye the best!

Old Man—Ye're richt there; dinna spile a guid thing. A cup o' het tea an' a dram keeps the doctor's gig oot o' the yaird.

(The time elapses, and all have filled cups in their hands).

Chorus—That's graund!

(Curtain)

“SCOTIA.”

An Old Edinburgh House
(See next Page)

THE HOUSE OF BALLANTINE

AT NUMBER 81 PRINCES STREET

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the window are the royal arms of Scotland and the following inscription:—

*Lord JESU CHRYSST, that Crounit was with thornse
Preserve the Birth, quhais Badgie¹ heir is borne,
And send Hir Sonce² succefsione to reigne still
Lang in this Realme, if that it be Thy will,
Als Grant, O LORD, quhat ever of Hir proseed,
Be to Thy glorie, Honer and Prais, Sobied.
19th IVNII, 1566.*

An old but untrustworthy story has it that the young Prince was lowered secretly from the window in a basket to the Queen's adherents, to be taken away and baptised in their faith. Be that as it may, the prince was baptised according to the Roman ritual at Stirling, on the 5th of December. On the 11th of February 1567, after the murder of Darnley, Mary retired to this apartment, the walls of which she had hung with black, and remained in strict seclusion until after the funeral. Killigrew, who came from Elizabeth with letters of condolence, found "the queen's majesty in a dark chamber so that he could not see her face, but by her words she seemed very doleful." Below Queen Mary's room there is a dungeon, excavated in the solid rock, wherein many a prisoner languished in remote ages; but no history of this and other massive foundations can be authenticated.

A remarkable discovery was made in a wall on the west front of the royal palace in 1830, through the curiosity aroused by the fact that when struck the wall sounded hollow. On its being opened a cavity was found containing a small oak coffin of great antiquity and much decayed, in which were the remains of an infant child wrapped in a thickly woven cloth resembling leather and a covering of richly embroidered silk bearing two initials, one of which was the letter "I." The remains were restored to the cavity and the wall was built up again. Here then is a riddle of the ages that it were futile to attempt to solve. The wall has been made to divulge its secret, but alas we cannot wring from it the story of the mystery. Perhaps it is best so.

¹ Body.

² Son.

The Regalia.



THE door in the octagonal tower leads to the small apartment known as the Regalia Room. Here, after many wanderings and divers adventures, repose the crown jewels of Scotland. Here, embodied in the crown, says tradition, is the circlet of gold which adorned the head of the Bruce. Here is the crown which has been placed on the head of each king James, has graced the brow of the talented and beautiful Queen Mary ; and to preserve that of which it is the symbol, many thousands of Scotland's sons have given their lives on the field of battle. The story of the Regalia is itself a romance. Taken from the Castle for safety after the battle of Dunbar in 1650, they were, following the coronation of Charles II. at Scone, deposited in Dunottar Castle with the idea that that monarch should send a vessel to convey them to France. Smuggled from Dunottar Castle during a siege, by the ingenious wife of the Rev. James Granger, minister of the Kirk of Kinneff in the Mearns, who, courteously helped to her horse by the English general, actually carried the crown through the enemy lines in her lap, while her serving man followed on foot bearing the sword and sceptre concealed in bundles of lint which she alleged were to be spun into thread, they were buried by night under the floor of the church. On the fall of the castle of Dunottar the English commander was much chagrined that the Regalia could not be found, and the governor and his wife, being suspected of having concealed the treasures, were treated with much cruelty, until further search was prevented by a report that they were secretly taken to Charles in Paris. The minister's wife had her reward after the Restoration, by Act of Parliament dated 11th January 1661, in which it stated: "For as much as the Estates of Parliament doe understand that Christian Fletcher, spouse to Mr James Granger, minister of Kinneff, was most active in conveying the royal honours, his Majestie's Crown, Sword, and Sceptre, out of the Castle of Dunnottar, immediately before it was rendered to the English usurpers, and that be the care of same they were

hid and preserved ; therefore the king's Majestie, with the advice of the Estates in Parliament, doe appoint two thousand merks Scots to be forthwith paid out of the readiest of his Majestie's rents, as a testimony of their sense of her service."

The Regalia were exposed at the sittings of the Scottish Parliament down to the Union, when the Earl Marischal was called upon to surrender them to the Commissioners of the Treasury, but this he declined to do in person, and ordered a Junior Clerk of Session to deliver them to the Commissioners. They were therefore, on 26th March 1707, placed in the great black kist of the Stuarts and deposited in the Crown Room, where they remained until in 1817 they were restored to public view, after a slumber of more than a century, by virtue of a warrant from the Prince Regent, afterwards George^r IV. The discovery was instantly communicated to the public, and was greeted with much joy, as it had long been feared that the jewels had been secretly removed to London and destroyed. The old iron-barred oak chest in which they were found is on view in the Crown Room.

Covered with glass and secured in a strong iron cage, the regalia now lie on a white marble table in the Crown Room, together with four other memorials of the House of Stuart, which belonged to Cardinal York and were deposited there by order of King William in 1830. These are the golden collar of the Garter presented to James VI. by Elizabeth, with its appendage, the George ; the order of St Andrew, cut on an onyx and having on the reverse the badge of the Thistle, which opens with a secret spring, revealing a beautiful miniature of Anne of Denmark ; and finally, the ancient ruby ring worn by the kings of Scotland at their coronations, and last used by the unhappy Charles I. The Sword of State was presented by Pope Julius II. to James IV. in 1507. On the fall of the castle of Dumnotar in 1651, the belt of the sword became an heirloom in the family of Ogilvie of Barras. It is interesting to note that the Scottish Regalia are the only regal emblems in Great Britain, those of England having been destroyed by Cromwell in the seventeenth century.

Banqueting Hall.



THE building on the south side of the Palace Square is the ancient Banqueting Hall, an apartment eighty feet in length and having a width of thirty-three feet, lit by tall mullioned windows. Within its walls Parliaments have sat, kings have feasted, and treaties have been signed for good or ill. The restoration of the hall was effected by a gift by the late Mr William Nelson, publisher, and it is now a *salle d'armes* and military museum, while its windows are decorated with the arms of Scottish sovereigns and nobles from the time of Malcolm Canmore to that of James VI. The great timber roof is just as it was centuries ago. The old fireplace had to be reconstructed and now makes an imposing centre-piece at the east gable, in front of which there is the gun carriage used at the funeral of Queen Victoria. The lower parts of the walls are covered with carved oak panelling, and around are hung many interesting examples of ancient arms and armour. These include firearms of every pattern from the wheel-lock petronel of the fifteenth century to the modern rifle; ancient brass howitzers, examples of weapons from the field of Culloden comprising Lochaber axes, the Doune steel pistols, of beautiful workmanship, worn by the Highland gentry, and many magnificent coats of mail, etc. High on the extreme right of the fireplace may be seen an ancient peep hole or listening hole, cut in the wall which divides the hall from the royal apartments. By its means it was possible for the inmates of the latter to see and hear without themselves being seen or heard—a great advantage in those days of plot and counterplot, when life was held cheap and the scales of justice were too frequently unbalanced.

It was from this noble room, on the 24th of November 1440, that William, the young Earl of Douglas, Duke of Touraine, and his brother, the little Lord David, lured to a banquet by Crichton and Livingstone on the pretext that the Earl might cultivate the friendship of the young king, were dragged from the "black dinnour" to die a treacherous death in the palace yard. The banquet was prepared and

the brothers were given the places of honour beside the king, while meantime the portcullis at the castle gateway was lowered, and their numerous and suspicious train excluded by closed doors. At the close of the feasting and merry-making a sinister atmosphere was created by there being placed on the table a sable bull's head—the ancient Scottish symbol of death. The Douglasses, scenting treachery, immediately drew their swords, but were overpowered by a band of Crichton's vassals in complete armour, who had rushed in from a chamber called the Tiring-house, and in spite of the protestations and tears of the young king, they were dragged away to the "back court of the Castle that lyeth to the West," and, with Sir Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld, cruelly beheaded. They were buried in the fortress, and when, in 1753, some workmen, in digging a foundation, found the plate and handles of a coffin all of which were of pure gold, they were thought to belong to that in which the Earl of Douglas was placed. Strange to say, Crichton was never brought to trial for this dastardly outrage. "Venomous viper!" exclaims Godscroft, the old historian of the Douglasses, "that could hide so deadly poyson under so faire showes! Unworthy tongue, unelesse to be cut oute for example to all ages! A lion or a tiger for cruelty of heart—a waspe or spider for spight!" He also makes reference to a rude ballad on the subject which begins—

Edinburgh Castle, Towne and Tower
God grant thou sinke for sinne;
An' that even for the black dinnour
Earle Douglas gat therein.

The last royal banquet held in this hall was in 1633, when Charles I. visited the ancient capital of the Stuarts, and was crowned at Holyrood.

Below the banqueting hall are dungeons in two tiers, entered by a passage from the west, and lighted by small loopholes secured by three ranges of iron bars. In one of these Kirkaldy of Grange buried his brother, David Melville. Their origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, but here the French prisoners were immured during the Peninsular War—forty in one vault.

St. Margaret's Chapel.



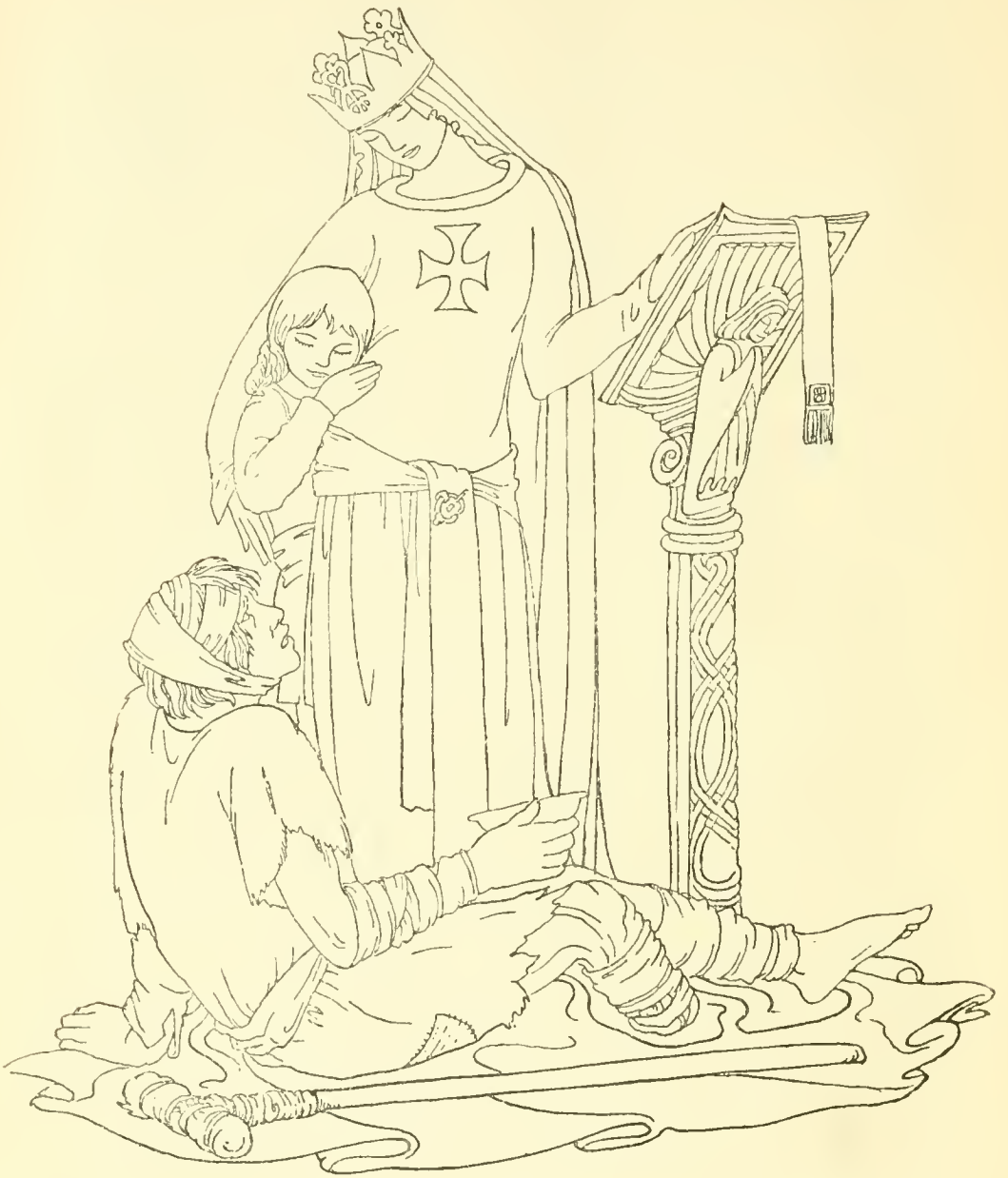
Of all the interesting buildings of the Castle perhaps that most worthy of pilgrimage is the little chapel, one of the oldest and the smallest in the country, which stands on the highest part of the rock, a monument to the beautiful and pious St. Margaret, Queen of Malcolm III. The grand-niece of Edward the Confessor, she had fled from her own country on the usurpation of Harold, but was wrecked in the Firth of Forth. She and her retinue were hospitably received by Malcolm, who had formerly, in his exile, been treated with much kindness at the Saxon court of England, and who subsequently married her at Dunfermline. History relates that her life in the Castle of Edinburgh was one long story of humility and Christ-like zeal in her devotion to the welfare of the poor and the hungry, the sick and the oppressed, and not only did she sacrifice her own possessions for the benefit of the poor, but on more than one occasion she drained the treasury to succour them in their need. Historians vie with each other in praise of the goodness and beauty of the queen. "When health and beauty were hers," says one writer, "she devoted her strength to serve the poor and uncultivated people whom God had committed to her care; she fed them with her own hand, smoothed their pillow in sickness, and softened the barbarous and iron rule of their feudal lords. No wonder that they regarded her as a guardian angel among them."

This little chapel she herself built as a private chapel during her residence at the Castle, and here she spent many hours in prayer for her family and the Scottish army during the siege of Alnwick Castle, then held by William Rufus. The news of the death of Malcolm and her eldest son accentuated an illness from which she was already suffering, and she died of grief two days later, on 16th November 1093, in her forty-seventh year. She is said to have died in a tower on the west side of the rock, which bore her name till it was demolished in the siege of 1573. Bishop Turgot, in his life of St. Margaret, has left a touching picture of the deathbed scene. In her last moments

she lifted up her hands to heaven, saying in a faint but unquavering voice : “ Praise and blessing be to Thee, Almighty God, that Thou hast been pleased to make me endure so bitter anguish in the hour of my departure, thereby, as I trust, to purify me in some measure from the corruption of my sins ; and Thou, Lord Jesus Christ, who through the will of the Father has enlivened the world by Thy death, oh, deliver me ! ” She was buried at Dunfermline under the great block of grey marble which still marks her grave ; and in the sides thereof may still be seen the sockets of the silver lamps which, on her canonisation by Pope Innocent IV. in 1250, burned there until the Reformation, when the Abbot of Dunfermline fled to the Castle of Edinburgh with her head in a jewelled coffer, and gave it to some Jesuits, who took it to Antwerp. From thence it was borne to the Escorial in Spain, where it is said to be still preserved.

The chapel was for some time used as a powder magazine, but happily was restored to its more sacred uses in 1853. Its simplicity of design and quiet charm are in keeping with the beauty of the life of St. Margaret, and the spirit of sanctity within its walls has been admirably expressed by a writer in the *National Outlook*, and is here quoted by permission :—

“ This little Chapel is one of the Holy Places of Scotland ; a shrine for pilgrims ; a sanctuary set apart for worship and silent prayer. It recalls the Chapel of St. Faith in Westminster Abbey and other sacred places, for in spite of all the vicissitudes and misfortunes that have befallen her, St. Margaret’s has kept her sanctity. Stand within her walls when the sun is shining through the stained glass in the narrow windows, on a day when the sightseers are fewer than usual, and take no heed of those who enter. Let her atmosphere envelop you and you will know that you are on Holy Ground. And though in a sense all ground is holy and the Lord is everywhere, yet His Presence is more concentrated in certain places, owing perhaps to the faith and prayers of those who have passed on before us. Here may we say with Jacob, ‘ Surely the Lord is in this place,’ and here all true disciples of whatever creed, may worship in unity together and make this little Chapel a house of prayer—a silent Sanctuary.”—(I. S.)



Margaritæ Regina Scotorum.

That a larger church existed is plain from the evidence of ancient documents wherein it is referred to as the Chapel of St. Mary the Virgin, or the "great chapel." It thus appears there were two ancient churches in the Castle of Edinburgh—the little chapel in which Queen Margaret deposited her most prized relic, the Black Rood, with its fragment of the true cross; and the larger building which continued down to the eighteenth century, and formed the north side of the great quadrangle, on the same spot is building the shrine of the Scottish National War Memorial.

In the accounts of Sir John Stirling, the subsequent custodian, dated June 1336, an entry appears for glazing four windows in St. Margaret's Chapel, and also for a leaden gargoyle. This places beyond doubt that the small chapel still standing is the one dedicated to St. Margaret, and the interior has been restored with careful attention to the preservation of every original feature. Its external appearance is little calculated to excite attention, yet it is one of the most interesting ecclesiastical edifices in Scotland, and certainly the oldest building in Edinburgh.

The western entrance in use in former times has been built up, and the original one reopened at the north-west corner of the nave. The measurements of the nave of this small oratory are 15 feet 10 inches by 10 feet 4 inches. The chancel is divided from the nave by a fine Norman arch, which may possibly have been added by David I., Queen Margaret's youngest son. It is decorated with characteristic zigzag mouldings, ornamented on its intermediate face with a border of lozenge-shaped ornaments, and was formerly supported by pillars. No traces of ornament are now apparent within the chancel, and it is noticeable that the apse has a plain alcoved ceiling. A broken stone projecting from the south wall may have been a piscina. The windows of the Chapel, when rediscovered, were also found to have been built up, but sufficient traces of them remained to show their form as plain and round headed, with very narrow openings. The present windows, which are of great beauty, were designed and executed by, and are the gift of, Mr Douglas Strachan, a member of the Cockburn Association. They were unveiled by His Grace

the Duke of Sutherland on 24th May 1922, and dedicated by the Very Rev. Dr A. Wallace Williamson, minister of St. Giles. They replaced the stained glass windows fitted on the restoration of the Chapel, which were of poor design and little historical value. The new windows represent those personages most intimately connected with the spiritual life of early Scotland; but the character of the designs is symbolical rather than representational, the intention being, so far as the very limited space permits, to symbolise epochs rather than to portray events: to express the significance of successive periods, and the part played therein by each of the characters represented.

The eastern window depicts St. Andrew, the patron Saint of Scotland. Behind him the symbol of Christianity, bearing the signs of the Evangelists, emerges from a background of interlaced ornament, and dominates the whole light. The other in the chancel represents St. Ninian. The figure stands in the centre of an ancient stone circle, and plants the symbol of the new power by thrusting it into the relics of the outworn faith, accumulated round the Slaughter Stone, among which figure the Golden Sickle, Serpent's Egg, and mistletoe of Druidism. The little predella represents St. Ninian blessing the natives at Candida Casa. The first of the two windows in the nave is of St. Columba, who, exiled from his native land, found a haven of refuge in Iona. The predella, the ancient saint in his cell. The other window, in contrast with the swift, eager Columba bringing afresh the Christian message from over the seas, contains the figure of Queen Margaret. It is symbolical of the graces of life, gentleness, and cultured love of the beautiful, piety being indicated in the predella. The window in the west gable commemorates Wallace, one of the greatest of Scottish patriots. It is symbolic of the nation's love of liberty, and her struggle for freedom. The chains of tyranny are snapped, and the onslaught of the English leopards is broken on the shield of Wallace.

The original Norman stone font has been replaced by a replica, given by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and here the children of soldiers of the garrison are christened.

Mons Meg.



IN the highest level of the Castle rock is the Bomb Battery or King's Bastion, where stands Mons Meg, a giant piece of ordnance said to have been forged at Mons in 1485, and which burst on firing a salute in honour of the Duke of York, afterwards James VII. Unvarying tradition however, supported by strong corroborative evidence, proves that it was really wrought by Scottish artisans by order of James II. when he besieged the rebellious Douglases in the Castle of Thrieve, in Galloway, in 1455. Little headway was made by the attackers until this superior weapon was brought into action, and it is said that only two shots were fired from it before the surrender of the Castle, and that both shots were subsequently recovered. The first, according to the *New Statistical Account*, was, toward the end of the seventeenth century, picked out of the Castle well and delivered to Gordon of Greenlaw. The tenant of Thrieve discovered the second in 1841, when removing a rubbish heap. The balls which lie beside the gun are said to bear a strong resemblance to those fired on the above-mentioned occasion, and are made of Galloway granite. Many are the stories of the gun's achievements. In 1489 it was employed at the siege of Dumbarton, and is even said to have been used by James IV. when he invaded England in 1497. It is on record that during the civil war of 1581, one of her shots fell by mistake through the roof of a house in Edinburgh, for which the tenant had compensation; and whilst the gun was being dragged from Blaekfriars Yard to the Castle two men died of their exertions. The gun is 13 feet long, has an internal diameter of $27\frac{1}{2}$ inches and weighs 5 tons. In 1758 it was removed by mistake, among a number of unserviceable pieces, to the Tower of London, where it was shown till 1829. Largely because of the eloquent appeal made by Sir Walter Scott to George IV. when he visited the Castle, it was subsequently returned to its present commanding position, where it looks out over a panorama of unsurpassed beauty across the grey ribbon of the Firth to the far hills of Fife.

The Ancient Postern.



TO the west of the Armoury and the Governor's House, an interesting building which probably dates from the period of Queen Anne, is the ancient postern through which the children of Queen Margaret are said to have escaped when Donald Bane, "the fair-headed," the younger brother of Malcolm III., and his band of wild western Highlanders were battering at the gates on the east side in the hope of capturing young Edgar, the second son of Malcolm, and the other children. He had proclaimed himself king, and was apparently resolved to clear a path to the throne. Believing that egress from the fortress could only be had by the gates facing the city, he guarded them alone. The children thus escaped by the western postern, and fled to England, where they found refuge with their uncle, Edgar Atheling. Edgar subsequently proved himself a valorous prince, recovered the throne, and took up his residence in the Castle of Edinburgh, where he died on 8th January 1107. His demise is recorded in the register of the Priory of St. Andrews—"*Mortuus in Dun-Edin, est sepulctus in Dunfermling.*"

Through the same postern, a few days later, the body of the saintly queen was smuggled and taken to Dunfermline Abbey. There is a legend that a miraculous mist arose from the sea and veiled the cortege from view of the insurgents, nor did it pass away until they had crossed in safety the *Passagium Reginae* or Queen's Ferry, nine miles distant, where Margaret had granted land for the maintenance of a passage boat—a grant still in force. Such mists are familiar to the people of Edinburgh to this day, but they have become too prosaic to call them miraculous. A memorial tablet over the postern records that here also "Bonnie Dundee" held his conference with the Duke of Gordon when on his way to raise the Highland clans for King James, while the convention assembled in the Parliament Hall was arranging to settle the crown on William and Mary. From the postern gate are steps, behind the banquette of the bastions, to Myles Mount, where is a cradle for a bale-fire which could be seen from Fife and Stirling.

The Recapture of the Castle, 1341

(From *The Chronicles of Froissart*)



AND while the King of England was at siege before Tournay, the French King sent men of war into Scotland, and they arrived at Saint John's Town. And they desired the Scots in the French King's name, that they would set on and make such war in the realm of England, that the King might be fain to return home to rescue his own realm, and to leave up the siege at Tournay: and the French King promised them men and money to aid them so to do. And so the Scots departed out of the forest of Gedeours and passed through Scotland, and won again divers fortresses, and so passed the town of Berwick and the river of Tyne, and entered into the country of Northumberland, the which sometime was a realm. There they found great plenty of beasts, and wasted and brent all the country to Durham: then they returned by another way, destroying the country. In this voyage they destroyed more than three days' journey into the realm of England, and then returned into Scotland and conquered again all the fortresses that were holden by the Englishmen, except the city of Berwick and three other Castles, the which did them great trouble. They were so strong, that it would have been hard to have found any such in any country: the one was Stirling, another Roxburgh, and the third the chief of all Scotland, Edinburgh, the which Castle standeth on a high rock, that a man must rest once or twice or he come to the highest of the hill.

So it was that Sir William Douglas devised a feat, and discovered his intention to his companions, to the Earl Patrick, to Sir Simon Fraser and to Alexander Ramsay, and all they agreed together. Then they took a two hundred of the wild Scots and entered into the sea, and made provision of oats, meal, coals and wood*; and so peaceably they arrived at a port near to the Castle of Edinburgh. And in the night they armed them and took a ten or twelve of their company, such as they did trust best, and did disguise them in poor torn coats and hats, like poor men of the country,

* 'De chavbon et de feuvre,' but the true reading is 'de charbon de feuvre,' *i.e.* charcoal for smiths' forges (*Jaber*).

and charged a twelve small horses with sacks, some with oats, some with wheat-meal and some with coals; and they did set all their company in a bushment in an old destroyed abbey thereby, near to the foot of the hill. And when the day began to appear, covertly armed as they were, they went up the hill with their merchandise. And when they were in the mid way, Sir William Douglas and Sir Simon Fraser, disguised as they were, went a little before and came to the porter and said: "Sir, in great fear we have brought hither oats and wheat-meal; and if ye have any need thereof, we will sell it to you good cheap." "Marry," said the porter, "and we have need thereof; but it is so early, that I dare not awake the captain nor his steward. But let them come in and I shall open the outer gate." And so they all entered into the gate of the bails: Sir William Douglas saw well how the porter had the keys in his hands of the great gate of the Castle. Then when the first gate was opened, as ye have heard, their horses with carriages entered in; and the two that came last, laden with coals, they made them to fall down on the ground-sill of the gate, to the intent that the gate should not be closed again. And then they took the porter and slew him so peaceably, that he never spake word. Then they took the great keys and opened the Castle gate: then Sir William Douglas blew a horn and did cast away their torn coats and laid all the other sacks overthwart the gate, to the intent that it should not be shut again. And when they of the bushment heard the horn, in all haste they might they mounted the hill. Then the watchman of the Castle with noise of the horn awoke, and saw how the people were coming all armed to the Castle-ward. Then he blew his horn and cried, "Treason! treason! Sirs, arise and arm you shortly, for yonder be men of arms approaching to your fortress." Then every man arose and armed them and came to the gate; but Sir William Douglas and his twelve companions defended so the gate, that they could not close it: and so by great valiantness they kept the entry open, till their bushment came. They within defended the Castle as well as they might, and hurt divers of them without; but Sir William and the Scots did so much, that they conquered the fortress.

An Escape.



THE number of persons who have succeeded in escaping from the Castle is small indeed compared to the enormous numbers who have languished and died within its walls. Here and there, however, the cruel monotony is relieved by the story of some cunning artifice or some bold adventure. Of such a nature was that of the Duke of Albany, who, imprisoned in the Castle on a charge of conspiring against James III., effected his escape in 1478 by an adventure the daring of which is surely without parallel in the history of the Castle. The young duke was on friendly terms with the court of Burgundy, and his friends there, learning of his imprisonment, sent by a trading vessel two runlets said to contain Malvoisie, which were admitted to the Duke's chamber without examination. On their being opened Albany found a coil of rope and a paper of instructions enclosed in a cake of wax, informing him that his enemies had resolved to put him to death, and giving a plan of escape. The Duke devised the stratagem of inviting the captain of the guard and his three soldiers to sup with him, and with the assistance of his attendant, succeeded in reducing the party to a state of intoxication, when the men were easily overpowered and slain. The bodies encased in their armour were thrown on the blazing fire in the great open fireplace, and stealing out in the darkness the fugitives made their way to the outer wall and prepared for their descent. The Duke's attendant claimed the first trial, and the rope proving too short he dropped heavily to the ground, breaking a leg. Albany rushed to his sleeping apartment in the tower and taking the sheets from his bed, knotted them together to the end of the rope and safely effected his escape down the rock. Having conveyed his loyal attendant to a place of safety, he hastened to the shore, was taken aboard the waiting vessel, and speedily conveyed to France, where he was hospitably received by Louis XI. Such is the spice of adventure, the atmosphere of which, drifting down the ages, rouses our spirits with the fragrance of ancient days, touching our lives with the fairy gold of romance.

The Wellhouse Tower.



At the bottom of the northern side of the Castle rock, on the margin of the hollow that once formed the basin of the old Nor' Loch, now transformed into West Princes Street Gardens, stand the ruins of an ancient outwork of the Castle called The Wellhouse Tower. It can be approached only by way of the Gardens. Its origin is obscure, but it dates at least as early as the erection of the first city wall in 1450. It served, as its name implies, to secure to the garrison comparatively safe access to a spring of water at the base of the precipitous rock. Calderwood relates that, during the siege of the Castle in 1573, "Captain Mitchell was laid, with his band, at St. Cuthbert's Kirk, to stop the passage to St. Margaret's Well." In the year 1821, during operations which entailed the removal of a quantity of rubbish, a covered way was brought to light, leading along the southern wall of the tower to a strongly fortified doorway, evidently intended as a sally-port, and towards which the defences of the tower were principally directed. The walls here are immensely thick, and provided with a square cavity in the solid mass, for the reception of a sliding beam to secure the door, while around it are the remains of various additional fortifications to protect the covered way. In the course of the same operations, indications were found of what appeared to be a pathway up to the fortress, consisting partly of steps cut in the natural rock, and most probably completed by movable ladders and a drawbridge communicating with the upper storey of The Wellhouse Tower. About seventy feet above, a small building on an inaccessible ledge of rock, and known as "Wallace's Cradle," would seem to have formed a link in this line of communication between the Castle and the ancient well. The excavations revealed many human bones, relics of the warlike times, a variety of coins including those of Edward I. and III. and Cromwell, foreign coins, and numerous fragments of exploded bombs. In a breach of the Tower was found a 48-pound shot. Further to the east may be seen the archway of another of the numerous subterranean passages in use in those days.

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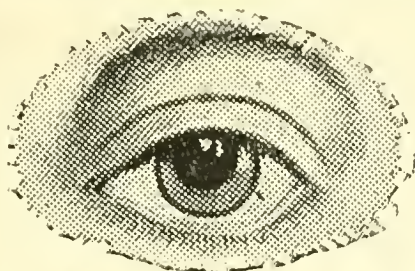
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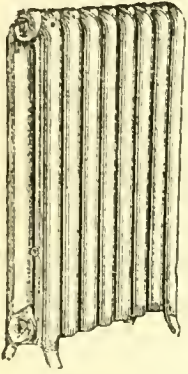


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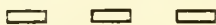
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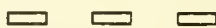
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